

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



CAPTAIN HEADLAND TRIES TO LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT MILES GAFFIN.

## MAIDEN MAY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—SIR RALPH'S ARRIVAL.

THE Nancy, close hauled, stood for the shore. "Two or three tacks will do it, sir, I hope," said Ned Brown, who, since Adam had been deprived of Ben's services, had acted as his mate. "The Nancy knows her way into the harbour." "The oars will help her along, though, I think," observed Headland.

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The men got them out, and the Nancy glided swiftly through the water.

"I am hoping, sir, the cutter will catch Miles Gaffin's craft. There is not a bigger villain to be found than he is in these parts."

"What has he done to gain such a character?" asked Headland.

"That's just what no one can say exactly," answered Ned. "Still, it's pretty well known that there is nothing he would not dare to do if he chose

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

to do it. He says he is one thing, and we know he is another. When he first came to Hurlston he used to call himself a miller, and there is not a bolder seaman to be found anywhere. He does not now, however, pretend that he isn't. Many is the cargo of smuggled goods he has run on this coast, and yet he always manages to keep out of the clutches of the revenue officers. There are not a few decent lads he has got to go aboard his craft, and they have either lost their lives or turned out such ruffians that they have been a sorrow and disgrace to their families. He is more than suspected of having been a pirate, or something of that sort, in foreign parts. And they say when he first came to Hurlston he seemed to know this coast as well as if he had been born and bred here, though he told people that chance brought him to the place, and that he had never set eyes on it before."

"At all events, if common report speak true, Hurlston will be well rid of him if he does not venture back. I hope that the law will, at all events, be able to lay hands on the villain, should it be proved that he kidnapped your friend Jacob," observed Headland.

"If the cutter catches his craft Jacob may be saved. I am more than afraid that Gaffin will knock him on the head and heave him overboard with a shot to his feet, if he finds that he is hard pressed, and then he will deny ever having had the poor fellow on board."

Headland was thankful when at length the boat glided into the Tex and ran alongside the quay.

Several people were standing there. The news of what had occurred had spread about the village. Headland, anxious to lose no time, asked if any boy would be willing to run on to the Texford Arms and order his horse.

"Say Captain Headland's horse, the gentleman who accompanied Mr. Harry Castleton," he said.

"Captain Headland!" said a person standing near, stepping up to him. "May I venture to ask where you come from?"

"I shall be happy to reply when I know to whom I speak," said Headland, not quite liking the man's tone of voice.

"I am Miles Gaffin, the miller of Hurlston. My good neighbours here have been making pretty free with my name, and accusing me of carrying off one of their number on board a lugger, which I understand you have been chasing, sir, when I have had nothing to do with the matter, having been miles away at the time the occurrence is said to have taken place."

"I cannot say that I am unacquainted with your name, for I have just heard it mentioned, and I shall be glad to hear that you can give me the assurance that the young man has not been carried away," said Headland.

"I know nothing about the matter," answered Gaffin, "so I cannot tell whether the story I have heard is true or not. You at all events see, sir, that I am not on board the lugger, which I hear left the coast some hours ago. But I must again beg your pardon, and ask you to answer the question I put when I first had the honour of addressing you."

"I am a commander in his Majesty's service, and you must rest satisfied with that answer, sir," said Headland, not feeling disposed to be more communicative to his suspicious questioner.

"Were you ever in the Indian seas in your younger days, sir? You will believe me that it is not idle curiosity that makes me put the question," said Gaffin, in the blandest tone he could assume.

"You are right in your supposition," said Headland, his own curiosity somewhat excited by the question.

"And you were known as Jack Headland when a boy?"

"I was."

"And you took that name from another to whom it properly belonged?"

"I did. Can you tell me anything of him?" said Headland, eagerly.

"I wish to ask that question of you, sir," replied Gaffin. "He was an old shipmate of mine, and being struck by hearing your name, I thought there might be some connection. I have long lost sight of him, and should have been glad to hear that he was alive and well."

"He lost his life, I have too much reason to believe, in the Indian seas many years ago," said Headland.

"Ah, poor fellow, I am sorry to hear that. Good evening to you, Captain Headland," and Miles Gaffin, turning away, was soon lost to sight in the darkness.

Captain Headland, accompanied by one of the Nancy's crew, hastened on till he met his horse, and mounting, rode back to Downside. He found the ladies somewhat anxious at his and his friend's long absence. Julia had sent a messenger on foot home to say that they were delayed, and hoped to return in the evening. The ladies now made many inquiries for Harry, while May stood by showing by her looks even still greater anxiety about him. Headland assured them there was no risk, though he probably would not be back till the following day.

Headland, for Julia's sake, wished to set off at once for Texford; but Miss Jane had supper prepared, and insisted on his taking some before starting. Whether or not they suspected that he would become their relation, they treated him as if he were one already, and completely won his heart.

"What dear amiable ladies your cousins are!" he observed, as he rode home with Julia. "I have never had the happiness of meeting any one like them."

"Indeed they are," said Julia; "I wish they were more appreciated at home. I have till lately been prejudiced against them. It has been an advantage for that sweet girl to have been brought up by them. Though she would have been equally lovely otherwise, yet she might not have had the charms of mind which she possesses. I am not surprised that Harry should have fallen in love with her, though I fear he will have a severe trial to go through when our father hears of his engagement."

"If she is all Harry believes her to be, I hope he may surmount that difficulty," said Headland. "Though I have no parents to obey, I feel that he would be wrong to marry against his parents' wishes."

"Then how ought I to act, should Sir Ralph refuse to allow us to marry?" asked Julia, in a voice which showed her agitation.

"I dare not advise you to disobey your father," answered Headland. "But there may come a change favourable to us."

Neither Julia nor Headland uttered a vow or protestation; such they both felt was not required, so

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perfect was the confidence they had in each other's love.

As they rode up to the house two servants, who had evidently been on the watch for them, hastened down the steps to take their horses.

Headland helped Julia to dismount, and led her into the hall. Lady Castleton hurried out of the drawing-room to meet them.

"Sir Ralph arrived this afternoon. We have been very anxious about you; we could not understand your message. Where is Harry? What has happened, Captain Headland?"

Headland explained that a young Hurlston fisherman had been kidnapped by a band of smugglers; that he and Harry, indignant at the outrage, had set off in the hope of recovering him, and that while he had returned on shore, Harry had continued the chase on board the cutter.

"Harry was scarcely called upon to go through so much risk and inconvenience for the sake of a stranger," observed Lady Castleton. "His father was much disappointed at not seeing him on his arrival."

Julia pleaded that Harry had done what he thought to be right, and then went in to see her father, who was reclining on the sofa with his fingers between the pages of a book closed in his hand. He received her even more coldly than usual; he never exhibited much warmth of feeling even to her. She had again to recount what had happened, and he expressed the utmost surprise at Harry's acting in so extraordinary a manner. He did not allude to her ride home with Captain Headland, although she every moment thought he would speak of it. She excused herself for leaving him as soon as possible, on the plea that she must change her riding-habit.

When Headland at last entered the drawing-room the baronet received him with marked coldness, and made no allusion to his having been absent. The young captain could not help feeling that Sir Ralph did not regard him with a favourable eye.

Julia came down only for a few minutes before the usual hour for retiring for the night had arrived, and Headland had no opportunity of speaking to her.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.—NO NEWS OF THE CUTTER.

WHEN Sir Ralph entered the breakfast-room next morning, Headland could not help remarking the formal politeness with which he greeted him.

"Has nothing been seen of my son Harry?" he asked; "perhaps, Captain Headland, you would favour me by riding over to Hurlston, to ascertain whether the cutter in which he embarked has returned."

Headland said that he should be very happy to do as Sir Ralph wished. He looked towards Julia, doubting whether he might venture to ask her to ride in the same direction.

Sir Ralph seemed to divine his thoughts, for he immediately said:

"Julia, I wish to have some conversation with you during the morning; we will afterwards, if you please, take a canter round the park."

The hint was too broad, Headland saw, to be misunderstood.

Julia looked annoyed, but quickly recovering herself, replied:

"I will come to you, papa, whenever you wish."

Algernon soon after came in, looking pale and ill.

His father seemed struck by his appearance, and asked with more concern than usual if he had not slept well.

"Not particularly so; my cough somewhat troubled me, but with the advantage of a few warm days I dare say I shall be soon to rights again."

The baronet's thoughts seemed to be diverted from their former channel by his anxiety for his son.

General Sampson and Mrs. Appleton did their best to make the conversation more lively than it might otherwise have become, for Lady Castleton had evidently some anxiety on her mind, and was less able than usual to act the part of the hostess.

The old gentleman had discovered that Julia and Headland were on better terms than mere acquaintanceship, or even friendship, and he had a shrewd suspicion also that Master Harry had some greater attraction at Downside than his old maiden cousins could personally offer. He was now certain that some hitch had occurred. He had already paid a longer visit than usual, but a better motive than mere curiosity prompted him to stay to see the upshot. He had a sincere regard for Harry and Julia, and was much pleased with Headland, who took his jokes in such excellent part. "I may lend the young people a helping hand, and give my friend Sir Ralph a stroke the right way," he thought.

Soon after breakfast Headland's horse was brought to the door. He saw Julia only for a moment in the hall.

"Although I have had no opportunity of speaking to my mother, she, I suspect, guesses the truth, and has thought it best at once to speak to Sir Ralph, for she dare not conceal anything from him. I would rather you had been the first to inform him of our engagement, but he evidently wished to prevent you doing so by begging you to go to Hurlston."

"I wish I could have spoken myself; but pray assure your father that I would have done so had he given me the opportunity. As we have nothing for which to blame ourselves, we must trust that his prejudices will be overcome, and that he will not withhold you from me."

The old general entering the hall at that moment prevented Headland from saying more.

Mounting his horse, the captain rode on to Hurlston. He met several of the Nancy's crew. The cutter had not returned, and Ned Brown again expressed his conviction that if the lugger was to be caught it would not be till after a long chase. Knowing that the ladies of Downside would be anxious to hear any news he could give, he proceeded thither. The Miss Pembertons welcomed him cordially. May was on the point of setting out to visit Dame Halliburt. She had from early dawn kept a look-out over the ocean, and was aware that the cutter had not returned. He was more than ever struck by her beauty and unaffected manners, though her anxiety on Harry's and Jacob's account made her paler and graver than usual. She expressed her regret at being compelled to set off at once, and Headland, therefore, did not mention Sir Ralph's arrival till she had gone.

"I am sorry to hear of it," said Miss Jane, "for I fear that it will terminate Harry's and May's present happiness, and that the troubles and trials which I foresee are in store for them will at once begin, though I trust that they may overcome them in the end."

Captain Headland felt that the remark applied



equally to his own case, though he did not say so. He had omitted on the previous evening mentioning his meeting with Gaffin. He now did so, remarking:

"I understood that he was the leader of the party carrying off the young fisherman, but he assured me that he knew nothing of the matter, and was several miles distant when it occurred."

"I almost wish that he had been of the party, if such is the case, for if he remains here, I fear that our May will be exposed to danger," said Miss Jane.

"Surely no one would venture to injure a young lady living with you," observed Headland.

Miss Jane then told him of the annoyance to which May had been subjected from Gaffin's son.

Headland naturally felt indignant.

"Strong measures must be taken to get this man Gaffin and his son out of the way," he remarked. "As soon as Harry returns we will see what can be done; in the meantime I will ride down to the cottage and ascertain that your young friend has reached it in safety, and will wait to escort her back."

He soon caught sight of her at about half-way to Adam's cottage. At the same moment a person resembling the man who had spoken to him on the previous night appeared, and seemed about to address May, who quickened her pace, when catching sight of Headland, he apparently thought better of it and advanced to meet him.

"Good-day, Captain Headland," said the man, looking up at him with cool assurance; "your friend Mr. Harry Castleton will have a long chase after the lugger—a wild-geese chase I suspect it will prove. I have been inquiring into the truth of the story you heard, and I find that it was spread by a wretched old mad woman whom the people about here take to be a witch. The sooner she is ducked in the sea and proved to be an ordinary mortal who has lost her senses, the better. It is disagreeable for a man in my position to have his character belied in this way."

"We certainly heard a story from a mad woman, but she spoke in a way which led us to suppose she described an actual occurrence," said Headland. "From what you say, I conclude you are Mr. Gaffin, who addressed me last night."

"The same, at your service, Captain Headland. I have no further questions to ask, however, since you can give me no account of my old shipmate; I am sorry to hear of his death. Good-day to you, sir," and Gaffin moved on, taking the direction of the mill.

This last interview left a still more unfavourable impression on Headland's mind of Mr. Miles Gaffin. He did not like the expression of the man's countenance, or the impudent swagger of his manner, while it was evident by the way he talked that he was a person of some education. Headland tried to recollect whether he had before seen him, or whether his old protector had ever mentioned his name.

As he rode on slowly, keeping May in sight, he suddenly recollected the description Jack Headland had given him of the mate of the ship on board which he had been placed by his supposed father when a child. "Can that man in any way be connected with my history?" he thought. "He certainly must have known poor Jack Headland; he had some motive, possibly, in speaking of him."

The more he thought, the more puzzled he became. The only conclusion he arrived at was that Gaffin and the mate of the vessel in which he had been

wrecked might possibly be one and the same person, and if so, from Jack's account he was undoubtedly a villain capable of any crime.

Having seen May enter Halliburts's cottage, he rode to the Telford Arms and put up his horse, resolving to wait in the neighbourhood till she should again come out; he would then have time to get back and mount his horse, which he told the ostler to keep saddled, and to follow her.

He in the meantime took a few turns on the pier, and got into conversation with two or three of the old seafaring men who were standing about; the younger were at sea in their boats, or had gone home after the night's fishing. He made inquiries about the man he had just met. They all repeated the same story; their opinion was that he had been a pirate, or something of that sort, on the Spanish Main, or in other distant seas, and having for a wonder escaped, he had returned home to follow a more peaceful and less dangerous calling, though still in reality unreformed and quite ready to break the laws of his country. From the description they gave of his wife, Headland thought that she must have been an Oriental, and this strengthened his idea that he was the man of whom Jack had spoken. Had he inquired about the Halliburts he might have learned the particulars of May's early history, but he still remained under the impression that she was a ward of the Miss Pembertons, and had merely come down to visit the dame, as she would any other of the villagers suffering from sickness or sorrow.

Notwithstanding Gaffin's assertion that he knew nothing about Jacob being carried off, the men were certain that though he might not have been present, it had been done at his instigation, as his crew were known to be ready to engage in any daring undertaking he might suggest. They, however, feared that there was very little prospect of the lugger being captured.

"That mate of his would sooner run her under water or blow her up than let a king's officer come on board, and it will be better for poor Jacob if the cutter does not come up with her," observed one of them.

Headland borrowed a glass and swept the horizon several times, but no craft like the cutter appeared. At length he went back to the spot whence he could watch Adam's door for May's appearance. She came out at last, and he hurried to the inn to get his horse. He soon again caught sight of her, and followed her at a distance till she reached Downside. If Gaffin was, as he supposed it possible, watching her, that person took good care to keep out of his sight. After waiting for a few minutes Headland rode up to the cottage. He thought it would be prudent to let Miss Jane know of his having again seen Gaffin, and he took an opportunity, while May was out of the room, to tell her. She thanked him warmly.

"We must keep a careful watch over the safety of our young friend," she observed; "and while that dreadful man remains at the mill, must not allow her to go out alone. I hear that Sir Ralph's steward has given him warning to quit it at the end of his present lease. He will be unable to find another place of similar character suitable to his purposes."

When May came in, Headland had the opportunity of conversing with her, and no longer felt surprised that she should so completely have won Harry's affections. Though he thought her inferior in some respects to Julia, he acknowledged to himself that



she was one of the most charming girls he had seen, and was as much struck with her modesty and simplicity as with her sprightliness and beauty.

"It is a pity Sir Ralph could not be induced to see her," he thought, and he resolved to advise Julia to try and get her father to call at Downside, if possible, before he was aware of Harry's attachment, so that he might be perfectly unprejudiced.

Headland naturally wished to be back at Texford, though unwilling to go without being able to take any news of Harry. At last, as evening was approaching, he rode once more to a point in the village where he could obtain an uninterrupted view of the sea, but the cutter was still not in sight. Accordingly, wishing the Miss Pembertons and May farewell, he set off on his way to the park. He could conscientiously assure Lady Castleton that she need not be at all anxious about her son, as there was nothing surprising in the cutter not having returned. Sir Ralph seemed vexed at not seeing him, but made no other remark.

Captain Headland felt conscious that though Julia was anxious to be with him, her mother took every means in her power to prevent their meeting alone without showing too clearly that she was doing so. Julia found an opportunity, and told him her father was aware of their love, but had said that he would reserve any expression of his intentions till he had seen Harry. With this Headland was compelled to be content.

The baronet was perfectly polite, if not cordial to him, during the evening, and next morning he asked him if he would again ride over to Hurlston. Algernon apologised for not accompanying him on the plea of illness. Headland could not help suspecting that he was sent to be kept out of Julia's way; and but for her sake and Harry's, he would at once have left Texford.

He spent the day by first going to the village, and then calling at Downside, after which he took a long ride over the downs to the south, whence he could see the cutter should she return. Again he was doomed to disappointment. On his way back he met Mr. Grocock, and begging the steward to accompany him mentioned what he had heard about Gaffin.

"The man is a mystery to me, Captain Headland. I believe him to be all you have heard. But he has possession of the mill, and until his lease is up the law will not allow us to turn him out. The law, you see, captain, assists rogues as well as honest men, provided they keep within it, and there is no evidence we can bring to prove that he is what people say he is. If smuggled goods were found in his mill they would be seized, or if his vessel was taken with contraband aboard she would be captured and there would be an end of her, and if it is true that his people have carried off the fisherman's son they will be punished, but the law cannot touch him or his vessel for that, and so you see he will laugh at us as he has done for these years past. But the master he serves will play him a scurvy trick in the end, as he does all his willing slaves, I have no manner of doubt. In the meantime, if he keeps his wits awake as he has hitherto done, he may do all sorts of things with impunity."

To the truth of these remarks Headland agreed.

As they rode on Mr. Grocock kept frequently looking up at him.

"If it's not an impertinent question, Captain

Headland, may I ask if you have been in this part of the country before?"

"No," answered Headland, "I have been very little in England at all. I was born abroad, and have been at sea the greater part of my life."

"Of course, of course, I ought to have thought of that," said Mr. Grocock to himself; then he added, "I beg your pardon, captain, but you remind me of some one I knew in former years, that made me ask the question without thinking; you are much younger than he would have been by this time."

Headland would willingly have inquired of whom the steward spoke, but the old man at once abruptly changed the conversation, and they shortly afterwards reached the gates of Texford.

The evening passed by much as the previous one had done, though Lady Castleton and Julia had become still more anxious at not seeing Harry. Julia thought of poor May, who would, she knew, feel still more anxious, and she resolved, if possible, to go over to Downside the next day to see her and show her sympathy.

#### OPENING PARLIAMENT.

THE scene was a very odd one upon which the lieges gazed when the two Houses assembled for the first time in the reign of Henry VI. It was deemed advisable that the people should see their sovereign by his appearing in the meeting of the Estates, though little more than three years of age. Accordingly, "the queen, his moder," brought him up to Windsor, and in a chair, on the back of a "fayre courser," he was taken to Westminster. Multitudes flocked to look upon the only scion of the renowned hero of Agincourt, little imagining that forty years later, when a drivelling idiot, he would be conducted through the city, with both feet tied together, under the belly of the horse! "It was a strange spectacle," says Speed, "and the first time it was ever seen in England, an infant sitting in his mother's lap, on the throne, and before he could tell what English meant, to occupy the place of sovereign direction in open Parliament." The Chancellor's speech was quite as odd as the circumstances under which it was delivered. Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, afterwards Cardinal, who held the office, expatiated upon the importance of good counsellors to the king, doubtless believing himself to be one of the best examples of the class. He illustrated their qualities by observing that "an elephant had three properties; the one, in that he wanted a gall; the second, for that he was inflexible, and could not bow; the third, in that he was of a most sound and perfect memory; all which properties he wished might be in all counsellors." Lord Coke drew from this source his "Character of a Member of Parliament," which Dean Swift burlesqued in the squib entitled, "The Elephant, or the Parliament Man, written many years since, and taken from Coke's Institutes."

"E'er bribes convince you who to choose,  
The precepts of Lord Coke peruse.  
Observe an elephant, says he,  
And like him let your member be.  
First, take a man that's free from *Gaul*,  
For elephants have none at all;  
In flocks or parties he must keep,  
For elephants live just like sheep;

Stubborn in honour he must be,  
For elephants ne'er bend the knee.  
Last, let his memory be sound,  
In which your elephant's profound;  
That old examples from the wise,  
May prompt him in his Noes and Ayes.  
Thus the Lord Coke has gravely writ,  
In all the forms of lawyer's wit:  
And then with Latin and all that,  
Shows the comparison is pat.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Siam, for elephants so famed,  
Is not with England to be named:  
Their elephants by men are sold;  
Ours sell themselves and take the gold."

Happily, corruption has long ceased with us to be an engine of government, nor is there an assembly in the world more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of manly independence than the Imperial Parliament of these islands.

It was in right royal fashion that the Lady Elizabeth proceeded to meet the magnates of the land for the third time on Monday, the 2nd of April, 1571. She left Whitehall about eleven o'clock. At the head of the procession appeared her guard of honour, followed by knights, bannerets, and esquires. Then trooped along spiritual and temporal peers, judges and justices, succeeded by the Great Seal of England, and the other officers of state, bearing the emblems of their station and authority. Next came the queen, wearing a mantle furred with ermines, a collar richly set with jewels, and a wreath or coronet of gold, seated in her coach, the first instance of the kind on record. It was drawn by two palfreys covered with crimson velvet, richly embroidered and embossed. The Master of the Horse, a flock of ladies in waiting, with a shoal of heralds, pursuivants, and trumpeters, completed the spectacle. When seated on the throne in the Upper House, the knights, citizens, and burgesses were summoned from the Lower, who made their appearance as best they could in the scant space allotted to them. Thus spoke the Queen's Highness:—

"My right loving Lords, and you our right faithful and obedient subjects, we, in the name of God, for his service, and the safety of this state, are now here assembled, for his glory I hope; and I pray that it may be to your comfort, and the common quiet of our, yours, and all ours for ever."

The Chancellor then stated the cause of meeting, and directed the Commons, "standing on a heap together below," to retire to their own place, and elect a Speaker. Their choice fell upon one of the members for Ludgershall, in Wiltshire.

The opening of Parliament is the same now as it was three centuries ago. There is the sovereign present either in person or by commission. There are the Lords in stately robes, but occupying one of the most splendid apartments in the world, with historical frescoes on the wall, and the softest of cushions on the seats. There are the Commons, "standing on a heap," elbowing and jostling one another as aforetime. But no Ludgershall—never otherwise than an insignificant hamlet, with the lord of the manor hard by—now returns two representatives, to influence by voice or vote the government of the country and the destinies of the empire. During the discussions on the first Reform Bill, a high-spirited gentleman suddenly rose, and addressing

the Speaker, said, "Sir, I am the proprietor of the borough of Ludgershall; I am the population of Ludgershall; I am the member for Ludgershall; and in each capacity I vote for the disfranchisement of Ludgershall."

The successor of the great queen, James I, rode on horseback to meet his first parliament. That unkingly monarch went along leeringly regarding the spectators at the windows, who laughed at him in return, for he sat as awkwardly in the saddle as he walked, or rather shuffled about upon his legs. Unlike his predecessor, whose speech was short, pointed, and pertinent, he inflicted a terribly long address upon his audience, abounding with the tedious learning and pedantic arts with which he was familiar. It occupies nineteen octavo pages of close print! He began with "My lords of the Higher House, and you knights and burgesses of the Lower." But at a little later date, having summoned Lords and Commons to attend him at Whitehall, he came out with an oration which runs through twenty-seven pages of print: and this was followed two days afterwards by a second harangue, not quite so long, explanatory of the first. Discipline of this kind was likely to prepare those upon whom it was inflicted to amuse themselves with any odd incident that might occur in the course of their legislative labours, however trivial in itself. Under the date of Thursday, May the 31st, the third month of the session, the entry occurs in the Commons' Journal, "A jackdaw flew in at the window." The sable bird was called "omen to the Bill" under discussion, which was shortly afterwards thrown out. Some two years later the entry appears, "A strange spanyell, of mouse colour, came into the House of Commons." In harmony with precedent, but after a long lapse of time, a dog boldly entered St. Stephen's while Lord North was speaking. Not content with taking a place in the assembly, the animal began to bark loudly. "Sir," said the Prime Minister, appealing to the Speaker, "I am interrupted by a new member." Still the dog went on with his yelp, and the minister with his joke, remarking, "Sir, the new member has no right to speak twice in the same debate."

The misguided and unhappy Charles I set out on one occasion to meet the representatives of the nation, in a manner which no sovereign ever did before, or has done since. It was the memorable Long Parliament, assembled on Tuesday, the 3rd of November, 1640. Preparation for the commencement of the session began in the Commons at nine o'clock in the morning, by calling over the names of the members returned, swearing in those present, and choosing a Speaker. Towards high noon the king left Whitehall, and, not caring to encounter the gaze of the populace, proceeded by water to Westminster Stairs, where the chief officers of the crown were in attendance to receive him. Thence he walked to the Abbey, and heard a sermon by the Bishop of Bristol. Immediately afterwards he met the Lords and Commons, approved the Speaker presented by the latter, and dismissed them to their deliberations. Many were present upon that occasion destined speedily to undergo strange vicissitudes and bitter experiences. There was King Charles, doomed to die upon the scaffold by a fragment of the very parliament he was opening; Juxon, Bishop of London, the Lord Treasurer, whose sad office it was to attend his master in the last extremity; Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had to lay his head upon the block on Tower

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Hill; Finch, the Lord Keeper, who saved himself from merited chastisement by a hasty flight to Holland; Windebank, Secretary of State, who absconded to France; Pym, the parliamentary chieftain and the best debater of his time, whose decease was celebrated at Oxford with feasting and bonfires; Falkland, who fell in the ranks of the Royalists at the battle of Newbury, often known to murmur abstractedly to himself and to his friends, "Peace, peace!" Hampden who received his death-wound in the service of the parliament on Chalgrove field; and Cromwell, then little known, but soon to be lord paramount over England, Ireland, and Scotland.

On this occasion the sovereign had the flower of the English gentry before him, while the Commons of humbler grade were mostly men of property, character, and discretion. A very considerable majority of both classes were sincere and earnest religionists. A fortnight after the commencement of the session a day of fasting was observed. Speaker and members assembled in St. Margaret's, Westminster, a kind of national church for parliamentary use on particular occasions, hence repeatedly repaired at the expense of the nation. Three days later they received the Holy Communion, and contributed to the usual collection £78 16s. 2d. Scrupulous care was taken to maintain the general integrity of the body above suspicion. In the first year of its existence, Alderman Hooke, member for Bristol, was deprived of his seat for being concerned in a commercial monopoly. Five others were similarly sent back to their homes under a cloud for like greed. A member for Knaresborough, guilty of abusing his privilege, by granting protections from arrest to those who were not his menial servants, of course for a monetary consideration, was ignominiously expelled. Upon his knees at the bar, in charge of the serjeant-at-arms, the jobber listened to his doom: "Resolved—That the House holds Mr. Henry Benson unfit and incapable ever to sit in Parliament, or to be a member of this House hereafter. That the Speaker shall issue his warrant for a new writ to be directed to the sheriff of Yorkshire for electing another burgess to serve in his stead." *Exit Benson.*

Though upwards of two hundred and thirty years have elapsed since the opening of this famous parliament, yet many of its original members have been represented by direct lineal descendants at every subsequent ceremonial of the kind, not unfrequently returned by the same places for which their ancestors were elected. A few examples may be given from the muster-roll of the new House of Commons.

## LONG PARLIAMENT, 1640.

Sat for	
Ashton (Assheton) Ralph . . .	<i>Clitheroe.</i>
Biddulph, Michael . . .	<i>Lichfield.</i>
Edwards, Richard . . .	<i>Christchurch.</i>
Knightley, Richard . . .	<i>Northampton.</i>
Lloyd, Walter . . .	<i>Cardiganshire.</i>
Noel, Hon. Baptist . . .	<i>Rutland.</i>
Onslow, Sir R. . .	<i>Surrey.</i>

## NEW PARLIAMENT, 1874.

Sits for	
Assheton, Ralph . . .	<i>Clitheroe.</i>
Biddulph, Michael . . .	<i>Herefordshire.</i>
Edwards, Richard . . .	<i>Weymouth.</i>
Knightley, Sir R. . .	<i>S. Northamptonshire.</i>
Lloyd, Sir T. . .	<i>Cardigan.</i>
Noel, Hon. Gerard . . .	<i>Rutland.</i>
Onslow, Denzil . . .	<i>Guildford.</i>

Such instances, amounting altogether to from forty to fifty, illustrate the hereditary influence of the gentry in largely determining the representation in their respective localities, notwithstanding the more popular character of the constituencies, and the establishment of secret voting.

Opening parliament, when the sovereign appears in person, is a very brilliant spectacle to those who are privileged with an interior view, and an attractive one on a bright day to outsiders. But the sunshine cannot be commanded, nor is any human ceremonial, however gorgeous, exempt from the possibility of a mishap. On one occasion, a misadventure occurred, of which William IV was the victim, when the observed of all observers, who comported himself with great coolness and good sense under somewhat difficult and trying circumstances. It was the 4th of February, 1836. The day was unusually gloomy. The apartment fitted up to be temporarily used as the House of Lords, after St. Stephen's had been destroyed by fire, admitted only a scanty supply of light, and the king's sight was imperfect. He was soon, therefore, brought to a pause while attempting to give vocal expression to the royal speech, yet manfully, and with the utmost good-humour, struggled to get through the task. It was hard work, and of no use to bring the document as close as possible to his eyes. At last he came to a standstill, completely puzzled to make out the next word, and said, appealing for aid to Lord Melbourne, who stood on his right hand, "Eh! what is it?" After floundering on a little longer, wax tapers were brought from the library, upon which, in the most perfectly unembarrassed manner, he addressed the assembly as follows: "My lords and gentlemen,—I have hitherto not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves; but as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement, and in a way which, I trust, will command your attention."

With an unflinching voice he read through the state paper, and was distinctly audible to his hearers from the beginning to the end. The next year he was no more.

## THE NEW WORLD AND THE OLD:

## AMERICAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF EUROPEAN ANTIQUITIES.

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON, LL.D., MONTREAL.

## IV.—THE REMAINS OF A CITY OF THE STONE AGE.

THE modern Montreal has now overgrown the site of Hochelaga, and it met with no obstacles in doing so save the natural inequalities of the ground. Less than three hundred years, and the clearing of the young forest which must have covered the site, and the ploughing of the fields, had sufficed to remove all traces except those which might remain beneath the greensward. Thus, its very place unknown, the old city reposed until the bones of its sleeping inhabitants were disturbed by the excavations of streets and foundations of houses. For some time this work proceeded without any attention being given to the antiquities uncovered. In levelling the ground large quantities of sand were removed to be used in making mortar, and the workmen merely reburied the bones in the underlying



clay, where they may some day serve to convince enthusiastic believers in the antiquity of man that our species existed in Canada at the time of the marine Post-pliocene. At length attention was directed to the subject, and a somewhat rich harvest



Fig. 14.—MODE OF SUSPENDING EARTHEN POTS. Outside of angle of mouth of vessel.

was obtained of relics—which are now preserved in public and private collections.

It will be interesting here to note what actually remained to indicate the site. The wooden walls described by Cartier and the bark houses were no doubt burned at the time of the final capture of the town, which was probably taken by a sudden surprise and assault, and its inhabitants butchered, with the exception of those who could escape by flight, while all portable articles of value would be taken away; and this would especially apply to the implements and trinkets left by the French, the report of whose vast value and rarity may perhaps have stimulated the attack.

In a dry sandy soil and in an extreme climate, wooden structures rapidly decay, and such parts of the buildings as the fire may have spared would soon be mingled with the soil. No trace of them was seen in the modern excavations except a few marks of the spots where posts or stakes may have been sunk in the earth. When the sod was removed, the position of a dwelling was marked merely by its hearth, a shallow excavation filled with ashes and calcined stones, and having the soil for some little distance around reddened by heat. Around and in these hearths might be found fragments of earthenware pots and of tobacco pipes, broken stone implements and chips of flint, bones of wild animals, charred grains of corn, stones of the wild plum, and other remains of vegetable food, and occasional bone bodkins and other implements. In depressed places, and on the borders of the small brooks and creeks which traversed or bounded the town, were accumulations of kitchen-midden stuff, in some places two or three feet in thickness, and of a black colour. This was full of fragments of pottery and bones, and occasionally yielded interesting specimens of stone and bone implements. Around the outskirts of the town, and in some cases within its

limits, were skeletons which have been buried in shallow graves in a crouching position and lying on their sides, and over each skeleton could usually be detected the ashes and burned soil of the funeral feast. The soil being dry, all vestiges of hair and of the skins in which the bodies had probably been wrapped had perished, and the bones had lost their animal matter, had become porous and brittle, and were stained of a rusty colour like the sand in which they lay.

With regard to the evidence that the site referred to is actually that of the town described by Cartier, I may mention the following additional points. A map or plan of Hochelaga, purporting to have been taken on the spot or from memory, is given in Ramusio's Italian version of Cartier's Voyages (1560). It shows that the village was situated at the base of Mount Royal, on a terrace between two small streams. It enables us to understand the dimensions assigned to the houses in the narrative, which evidently refer not to individual dwellings, but to common edifices inhabited by several families, each having its separate room. It gives as the diameter of the circular enclosure or fort about one hundred and twenty yards, and for each side of the square

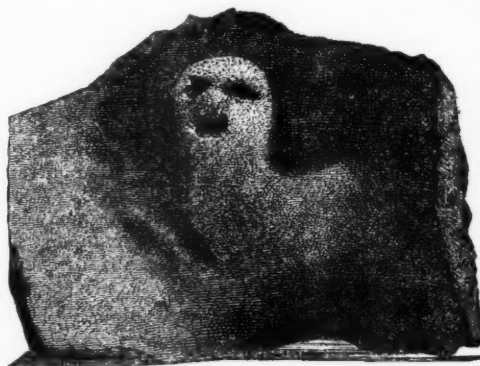


Fig. 15.—MODE OF SUSPENDING EARTHEN POTS. Inside of angle of mouth, with head for suspension.

in the centre about thirty yards. This corresponds with the space occupied by the remains above referred to. It is to be understood, however, that the fort or city, which was quite similar to those occupied by most of the agricultural American tribes, was intended merely to accommodate the whole population in times of danger or in the severity of winter, and to contain their winter supplies of provisions, but that in summer the people would be much scattered in temporary cabins or wigwams in the fields, or along the rivers and streams.

Further, according to the description of the old navigator, the town was four or five miles distant from the place where Cartier landed, and nearer the mountain than the river, and the oak-forest and the cornfields which surrounded it must have been on the terrace of Post-pliocene sand now occupied by the upper streets of the modern city, and about one hundred feet above the river. If the village was destroyed by fire before 1603, the date of Champlain's visit, no trace of it might remain in 1642, when the present city was founded, and the ground it occupied would probably be overgrown with shrubs

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and young trees. I have seen clearings in the American woods covered with tall young trees in less than thirty years. But the Indian tradition would preserve the memory of the place; and if, as the narrative of the Jesuits informs us, the point of view to which Maisonneuve and his French colonists

small fraction of the amount actually present. The interments in a limited space around the supposed town must have amounted to several hundreds, though it is not improbable that the Hochelagans, like some other Canadian tribes, periodically disinterred their dead, and removed their bones to a

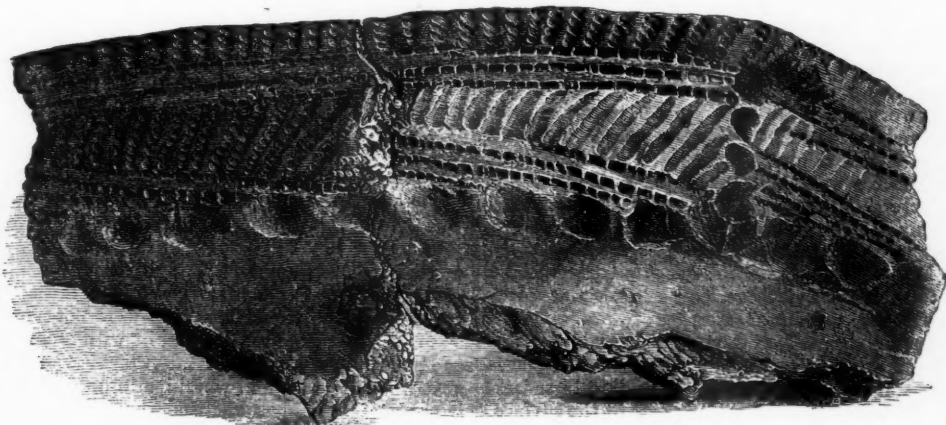


Fig. 16.—FRAGMENT OF EARTHEN VESSEL, HOCHELAGA (NATURAL SIZE). Showing points of the human finger.

of 1642 were conducted by the Indians who professed to be survivors of the Hochelagans, was the front of the escarpment of Mount Royal, the same with that occupied by Cartier, their Indian informants would have at their very feet the old residence of their fathers, and their remarks as to its soil and exposure would be naturally called forth by the view before them. The story of the Jesuit fathers is that the two aged Indians who accompanied Maisonneuve to the mountain top after the ceremony of founding the new town, said that they were descendants of the original inhabitants; that their tribe had at one time inhabited all the surrounding country even to the south of the river, possessing many populous villages; that the Hurons, who at that time were hostile to them, had expelled them; that some of them had taken refuge among the Abenakis, others among the Iroquois, others among the Hurons themselves. They were now associated with a band of Algonquins from the Ottawa. Their grandfathers had cultivated their corn in the very spot at their feet, but they had been driven to become migratory hunters.

The only other probable explanation of the remains would be that they belong to the more recent settlement of the Indians above referred to when invited by the French to return. This, however, was a very temporary occupation, not sufficient to give so large an amount of remains. Further, at a time when the Indians were in constant association with the French, and when missionaries were labouring among them, it is probable that their place of residence would afford some indication of intercourse with Europeans, and would be nearer to the French fort. With reference to the extent of the remains, I may state that my own private collection contains fragments belonging to from 150 to 200 distinct earthen vessels, and these are of course only a very

common tribal ossuary. Lastly, making every allowance for the nature of the soil, the condition of the skeletons would seem to require an interment of



Fig. 17.—EARTHEN POT (REDUCED). (Site of Hochelaga.)

at least three centuries. For all these reasons, I can entertain little doubt that the site referred to is actually that of the Hochelaga of Cartier.

The only objects indicating intercourse with Euro-

peans which I have yet found, are an iron nail without the head, and with the point rounded so as to form a sort of bodkin, a piece of iron shaped into a rude knife or chisel, a small piece of sheet brass about half an inch long by a quarter wide, and apparently cut roughly from a larger piece. These were, I think, mixed among the *débris* from one of the kitchens.

I quote here from a notice published in 1861, when the details were fresh in my memory, a few additional facts bearing on the above points. "In a limited area, not exceeding two imperial acres, twenty skeletons have been disinterred within twelve months, and the workmen state that many parts of the ground excavated in former years were even more rich in such remains. Hundreds of old fireplaces, and indications of at least ten or twelve huts or lodges, have also been found; and in a few instances these occur over the burial-places, as if one generation had built its huts over the graves of another. Where habitations have stood, the ground is in some places, to the depth of three feet, a black mass saturated with carbonaceous matter, and full of bones of wild animals, charcoal, pottery, and remains of implements of stone or bone. Further, in such places the black soil is laminated, as if deposited in successive layers on the more depressed parts of the surface. The length of time during which the site was occupied is also indicated by the very different states of preservation of the bones and bone implements; some of those in the deeper parts of the deposit being apparently much older than those nearer the surface. Similar testimony is afforded by the great quantity and various patterns of the pottery, as well as by the abundance of the remains of animals used as food throughout the area above mentioned. All these indications point to a long residence of the aborigines on this spot, while the almost entire absence of articles of European manufacture in the undisturbed portions of the ground, implies a date coeval with the discovery of the country. The few objects of this kind found in circumstances which prevented the supposition of mere superficial intermixture, are just sufficient to show that the village existed until the appearance of Europeans on the stage." On the whole, the situation and the remains found not only establish the strongest probability that this is the veritable site, but serve to vindicate Cartier's narration from the doubts cast upon it by subsequent explorers, who visited the country after Hochelaga had disappeared.

Since the days when Cain went forth as the first emigrant and built a city, defence and shelter have ranked among the primary wants of man. The means by which they are secured depend partly on the state of civilisation which may have been reached and partly on the materials at hand, but chiefly on the latter. In rocky regions, caverns and overhanging ledges afford the most convenient shelter, and stones afford the materials of cyclopean walls for defence. On treeless alluvial plains the nomad makes his tent of skin, and when he becomes settled has recourse to earthen walls or sun-dried brick. In forest countries wood or bark forms the most convenient material, whether for savage or civilised nations. The American tribe of the Moquis, in the rocky table-lands of New Mexico, build stone structures as massive as any ordinarily constructed by civilised man. The modern inhabitants of the plain of the Euphrates use brick and sun-dried clay exactly

as the earliest settlers in the plain of Shinar must have done. The European settlers in Eastern America have adopted houses of wood as their usual habitations.

Neither antiquity, therefore, nor culture are marked by any particular material for building. But the material used will make a vast difference with reference to the remains left. A nation, however rude or ancient, that has been able to use caverns for habitation or to build of stone, will leave some permanent, nay, indestructible evidences of its presence preserved in cave-earth, or rising from the surface of the ground. A nation that has built of clay

will leave merely mounds. The nations that built habitations of clay in the alluvial plain of Mesopotamia, or the valley of the Mississippi, were not necessarily less civilised than those who built with stone in Peru or Egypt. The New England villager who lives in a neat wooden house and worships in a wooden church, is not necessarily less civilised than the people who built magnificent stone edifices in Yucatan, though if the New England village were deserted, no trace of it, except in a little broken pottery, or a few hearth and chimney stones, might remain in a century or two. Nations living by river-sides, and whose only remains are a few indestructible flint implements, may have been, and probably were, more highly civilised than those whose *débris* preserved in caves

furnishes far more numerous and curious antiques. Our Hochelagans were wood-builders. Bark peeled from trees in wide sheets, and supported on poles, forms the cheapest and most comfortable abode for dwellers in the forest, and the people of Hochelaga had houses of this kind with several rooms, and an upper story to be used as a granary. They were, possibly, more comfortable and suited to the habits of their builders than the huts of mud and rough stone occupied by thousands of the peasants of modern Europe. Their habitations belonged to a type

which seems to have been nearly universal among the more settled populations of America, and which Morgan has shown to be connected with peculiar customs of patriarchal communism akin to those of which traces remain in the tribes and *gentes* of early Europe and Asia. Cartier's plan of a Hochelagan house as given below (Fig 20), shows a series of rooms surrounding a central hall, in which was a fireplace. Now we know from the customs of the Iroquois and Hurons, as described by Champlain and other early French explorers, that each room was occupied by a family, while all the families in the house had the cooking-place in common, and cultivated their corn-fields and went on hunting expeditions in common. In such a community, according to the ancient



Fig. 18.—HEAD FROM ANOTHER POT.



Fig. 19.—HEAD IN POTTERY.

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Fig. 20.—PLAN Cartier F. COM

The winter same plan, the "galler Further, as of Mexico, communist whose men by a bond through the that the tru the constru this plan, i of men in should be arrangem primitive in remain Pue New Mexic tribes; and to have been at the time 400 feet in rooms rising is said to ha

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Instead o sades on top and the Mo framed of v cut by a understand of the town palisades, w resting on t it within. boards, but in length, men's shou

\* It seems in to erect such stative tribal com papers of Mr. W houses" of the "Historic Times" in the essential Hochelaga.



American idea of "women's rights," all the women were related—the husbands might be, probably of necessity were, of different tribes. In some of the Indian nations, indeed, communal houses of even greater size and with several fires were used. The stone "Pueblos" of the Moquis are of this character.

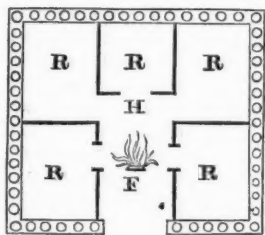


Fig. 20.—PLAN OF HOCHELAGAN HOUSE FOR FIVE FAMILIES. (After Cartier.) R. ROOMS, EACH FOR ONE FAMILY. H. COMMON HALL. F. COMMON FIRE.

The winter houses of the Greenlanders are on the same plan, which Nilsson has shown is that also of the "gallery graves" and gallery houses of Sweden. Further, as Morgan has proved, the so-called palaces of Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru, were merely large communistic edifices, each occupied by a whole tribe, whose members lived in common, and were related by a bond of consanguinity dependent on descent through the female line.\* It seems not impossible that the tradition of the Tower of Babel includes the construction of a huge communistic building on this plan, intended to bind together the early tribes of men in a communistic league, and investigations should be made as to the probability of similar arrangements among the cave-dwellers and other primitive inhabitants of Europe. At this day there remain Pueblos of this kind on the table-lands of New Mexico, where they are inhabited by the Moqui tribes; and ruined edifices of the same type, known to have been occupied by the ancestors of these people at the time of the Spanish conquest, are from 300 to 400 feet in length, with four to seven stories of stone rooms rising in successive terraces, and one of these is said to have been capable of lodging 600 families. When we come to consider the domestic institutions of these people, and to compare them with those of prehistoric Europe, we shall have occasion to return to this subject.

Instead of a rampart of earth, perhaps with palisades on top like those of the forts of the Iroquois and the Mound-builders, the Hochelagans had a wall framed of wood, a gigantic public work to be executed by a tribe destitute of metallic tools. If we understand rightly Cartier's description, the rampart of the town consisted of a central support of vertical palisades, with an outer row inclined inwards and resting on this, and a similar inclined row supporting it within. It must have been made, not of planks or boards, but of unhewn logs, each about twenty feet in length, cut with stone hatchets and carried on men's shoulders. By the plan of construction

adopted, the necessity was avoided of digging deep holes for the palisades, or of building a rampart of earth about them, and the only danger to which such a structure was exposed, that of fire, was much obviated by the inclined position of the palisades. Still a wall of this kind would perish in no very great number of years, even if it escaped destruction by fire, and if not renewed would soon leave no trace behind.

Vessels for collecting provisions and cooking food are primary requirements of man in every stage of civilisation or barbarism. Here again the material is not characteristic of particular stages so much as of opportunities, and may be perishable or the reverse. In Central America the Spaniards found some nations not very far advanced in civilisation whose ordinary utensils were of gold. On the other hand, many tribes had merely earthen vessels, and some were destitute of these and used baskets or bark vessels only. The latter were especially characteristic of nomadic tribes and of parties making long expeditions. People without beasts of burden or conveyances of any kind other than canoes, could not safely or conveniently transport with them heavy and fragile vessels. To them, therefore, the potter's art was unsuited; but so soon as such tribes became settled they would adopt earthenware as the most cheap and convenient vessels. A tribe, therefore, of roving habits, or living in a region where it was necessary to make periodical migrations, might be destitute of pottery, though they might have vessels of wood, basket-work, or bark, more neatly and artificially constructed than the clay pots of more settled tribes. Still, the latter would leave a monument of their art in the *débris* of their pottery which would be wholly wanting in the case of the former. Further, the pottery of primitive tribes is of a sort which speedily becomes disintegrated in a wet soil or ground up by attrition, so that river-side tribes might leave no sign of it, when it might be met with abundantly in the old residences of cavern and upland tribes.

The Hochelagans were potters, and, as we know to have been the case with other tribes, this art was probably practised by the women, and the vessels, formed by hand without the aid of a wheel, were imperfectly baked in a rude oven or fireplace con-



Fig. 21.—EARTHEN POT FOUND ON THE UPPER OTTAWA, AND NOW IN THE MUSEUM OF THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY OF MONTREAL (REDUCED).

structed for the purpose. Their process for preparing the clay was that which seems to have been practised anciently all over the world, and is still

\* It seems in every way probable that tribes whose families combined to erect such structures as the Swiss lake habitations, retained the primitive tribal communism. Their houses as restored, for example in the papers of Mr. Walker ("Leisure Hour," Nov. 1873), resemble the "long houses" of the Iroquois, and Sir John Lubbock has figured in his "Prehistoric Times" what he regards as a clay model of a lake hamlet, which in the essential features of its plan is similar to the houses of Hochelaga.

vindicated by experience as the best to form vessels intended to stand the fire. The clay was first mixed intimately with sand, usually a coarse granitic sand different from that near Montreal, as the clay is also different from the ordinary brick-clay of Montreal, which being calcareous is not well fitted for the purpose of the potter. The mass was then kneaded out and doubled in pastrycook style, so as to give it a tough laminated texture, and then was fashioned into the vessel desired. Specimens from an ancient British barrow given to me by Professor Rolleston have been made of precisely similar materials and in the same way, and as their ornamentation is nearly the same, they show nothing, did we not know their origin, to prevent the belief that both might have been made in the same place and by the same hand.

The usual shape was that of a pot, round in the bottom and curving upward into a cylindrical neck. In some, however, the neck was square or octagonal, and in this case there were sometimes projecting ornaments or hooks at the corners for suspension. This primitive Hochelagan pot is of the type of those used by all ancient nations, from the old "Reindeer Epoch"

until the fragment in Fig. 14 was found. Earthen heads of this kind are often figured on American vessels, and perhaps indicate guardian "manitous," but their peculiar use in the Hochelagan vessels seems unique.

Some of these earthen vessels were large enough to hold four gallons. Others would hold a quart or less, and the smaller are usually thinner and of finer clay than the others. All are very neatly made and uniform in thickness, and wonderfully regular in form when we consider that they were fashioned without the potter's wheel. Many are elaborately ornamented with patterns worked with a pointed instrument, with rings made with a stamp, and with impressions of the finger-point and nail around the edge. (Figs. 16, 17, 22.) This last kind of marking, still practised by pastrycooks, is common both to American and early British pottery, in which we can distinctly see rows of impressions of the small finger-point of the lady artificer with the print of the finger-nail. Examples have also been found of a potter's graving implement for forming other patterns. It was a small neatly polished conical bone, sharp at one end and

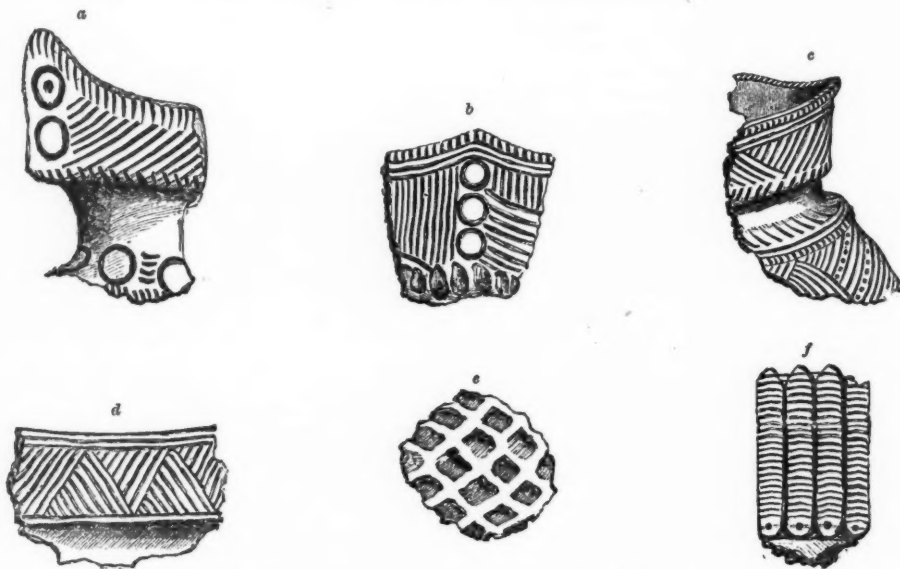


Fig. 22.—FRAGMENTS OF POTTERY (REDUCED). Site of Hochelaga.  
(a, b, c, d) BASKET PATTERNS. (e) NET PATTERN. (f) CORN-EAR PATTERN.

of Belgium and France down through all antiquity to our own round metal pots. The Hochelagan squaws, however, had a very ingenious contrivance for hanging their pots over the fire, which deserves notice. They had no doubt found by experience that when an earthen pot was hung over the fire by strings or withes tied to the outside, the flames would sometimes reach the perishable means of suspension, and, burning it, allow the pot to fall and its contents to be lost. Hence they contrived a mode of fastening the cord within the throat of the vessel, where the fire could not reach it. This hook for suspension was made in the shape of a human head and neck, the hole for the cord being left behind the neck (Figs. 14, 15, 18, 19). Many of these heads were found detached, and their use was not known

hollowed at the other, so that it could be used either for drawing lines or for stamping circles, precisely like those on some of the specimens of pottery.

The patterns on the pottery are not merely capricious. They are imitations, and of two distinct styles. One evidently represents the rows of grain in the ear of Indian corn, and may be called the corn-ear pattern. The same device is seen in specimens of Indian pottery from New York figured by Schoolcraft, and it still occasionally reappears in our own common earthenware pitchers. The second may be called the basket-and-bead pattern, and imitates a woven basket ornamented with beads, or, as in modern Indian baskets, with pendant rings. To this class belong the so-called chevron and saltier patterns, and it is possible that they may be

originally the aboriginal grass basket of baking pattern of familiar work among the though in British pottery which is a larger vessel formed by arranged early baked old Indian Miamees than that types of Iroquois, with those mound-burial ornaments greater part. Many of the are encrusted evidently to meal form usually clean pots or for

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originally traced, both in the old and new worlds, to the aboriginal practice of moulding pottery in woven grass baskets, subsequently removed by the process of baking. Many and elegant modifications of this pattern occur, and imply that the potters were familiar with the modes of basket-making still in use among the Indians. This basket-pattern appears, though in a rude form, in some specimens of early British pottery which I have seen. A third pattern, which is confined to the round bottom of some of the larger vessels, may be styled a net-pattern. It is formed by square or rhombic indentations, regularly arranged so as to form a reticulated design. Similarly baked and ornamented pottery is found in all old Indian sites in Eastern America. Among the Micmacs and New England tribes it is usually ruder than that of Hochelaga, corresponding to the oldest types of the European caves and barrows. The Iroquois, Hurons, and Eries had the same types with those of Hochelaga. The old Alleghans, or mound-builders, made finer and more gracefully ornamented vessels, and the art was carried to still greater perfection by the Mexicans and Peruvians. Many of the smaller pots are blackened with fire, and are encrusted near the neck with a black paste, evidently the remains of the pottage of Indian cornmeal formerly cooked in them. The large pots are usually clean, and may have been used as water-pots or for holding dry articles of food.

### THE HOLY FIRE AT JERUSALEM.

THE scenes of the Holy Week at Jerusalem have been often described, but each time with some variety of circumstance. We receive the following from one long resident in the country.

The Saturday of the Greek Passion Week is a high day at Jerusalem. The Greek pilgrims, who have been visiting the holy places in and around the city during the preceding days, are then all assembled within the church of the Holy Sepulchre; for on the afternoon of that day is performed the yearly miracle of the Holy Fire. From far and near the members of the Orthodox Church come to witness it; and those who have once taken part in the ceremony have performed a deed most meritorious for this life, and for the life to come. The Russian steamers that ply along the Syrian coast are at this season crowded with pilgrims from the most distant parts of Russia; and the roads to the north and west of Jerusalem exhibit long trains of devotees, some riding and others on foot, all plodding on toward the Holy City. The Russian peasants, in addition to the distance they may have walked to reach the steamer at Odessa, make the journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem and back, as well as the pilgrimage around the city itself, on foot; and a lad, who kept close to my stirrup for a whole day, watching an opportunity to render any service by which he might earn a piastre or two, told me he had walked all the way from Hums and Hama, begging to support himself as he went along. This youth, who may be a fair specimen of a large part of the pilgrims, could neither read nor write, and, in regard to the pilgrimage he was making, could only say, with a strange confusion of ideas, that he was going "to the grave of salvation." The pilgrims travel in large companies, and with wonderful economy of beasts of burden, which are reserved

for children, for the old and infirm, and for baggage. A mule or donkey may be seen carrying three or four children with bedding and cooking utensils for a family, and a camel will carry a whole household slung in boxes on its towering back. It is no easy matter to pass such a train on a narrow road. In the romantic valley of Wady Aly, for example, if one encounters them he must either wait patiently till they pass or push not a few of them off the path as he advances.

A good view of the ceremony of the Holy Fire is obtained from the Latin gallery of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to which British travellers can procure admittance through their consul. Accordingly, about ten o'clock a considerable party of us from different hotels, escorted by a *cavass* from the consulate, made our way to the sacred building. Early as it was in the day, many pilgrims were already there, squatted in the passages and open spaces of the church, ready to secure a good place before the crowd should increase. The church was gradually filled by the arrival of more pilgrims and curious spectators, but we were restricted to the lower part of the building. Towards one o'clock our patience was partially rewarded by the throwing open of the stair-doors, which allowed us entrance into the Latin gallery. This part of the church could contain a much larger number than those who had obtained admittance; but the actual *seeing* space is limited to the grated frontage between the massive columns, and it was only by great pressure that we could all find room to witness the fire. A lad of the town who had seen the ceremony for several years, made over his place to me, and I found myself in a good position for observing the scene below.

The Church of the Sepulchre is, properly speaking, a collection of churches or chapels under one roof, the sepulchre itself being a small building standing apart under the central dome. In the exterior wall of this building, and just opposite the place where I stood, is a round opening, five or six feet from the ground, having very much the appearance of the hole in the bows of a ship through which the cable runs, and long enough to admit the head and shoulders of a man. This opening was the centre of observation, for through it the holy fire was expected soon to issue. The crowd had now become more dense and excited; many endeavoured to get places close to the opening, and, driven from their position, crowded together as closely as they could in front of it, while others clung to windows, columns, and projecting parts of the building, and not a few had reached the top of the sepulchre itself. At the time of which I write the roof of the church was open, and the scaffolding for the erection of a new dome afforded space for the more adventurous youths to perch upon. One thing was remarkable—the entire absence of lights, and that not because artificial lights were not needed at that hour of the day, but because the candles that bristled all over the building were soon to be lighted by holy fire. But, considering that all the great services in the church are held at night, and fancying how striking such a ceremonial as this would be at a similar hour, one naturally asks why the sacred fire comes in the afternoon. To my inquiries on this subject, I was told that this was an innovation introduced by the famous Ibrahim Pasha when he acted as defender of the faiths in Syria. The sacred fire (so I was told) used to descend at midnight, and, judging by the confusion attending



the Latin ceremonies which are performed at that hour, one can imagine what the more exciting Greek fire must have occasioned. But the pasha, it is said, repaired to the church in broad daylight and demanded an exhibition for his own benefit. In vain he was told that this was a matter in higher than mortal hands. "Let me see the fire instantly," he said, "or I shall destroy the church;" and if fate was represented by the Egyptian pasha, it had power over gods and men in this case, for the priests and the fire obeyed, and from that time till now the spectacle is exhibited at a more seasonable hour.

As a preparation for the solemnity, a wide space was cleared all round the holy sepulchre. The crowd, pressed back by Turkish soldiers with fixed bayonets, swayed to and fro, struggling between the restraint in front and the increasing number behind, and agitated by the mischievous tricks of rough Jerusalem boys, who, accustomed to the scene year by year, exhibited all the irreverence which familiarity produces. But order prevailed as the low, measured chant of priests was heard issuing from the Greek church. A procession of ecclesiastics, carrying banners and headed by a venerable man with snow-white beard (the "fire bishop"), was formed in the open space, and slowly compassed the sepulchre three times. At last the slow movement and the drowsy drone concluded, the bishop alone entered the sepulchre, the door was closed behind him, and there was a moment of silence and suspense. But only a moment, for the soldiers took up a new position, and the crowd disposed itself in a different order. The empty space round the sepulchre was filled up, and the soldiers formed an avenue, extending from the opening in the wall on to the door of the Greek church. This was no easy matter in the face of such an unruly crowd, and it was only by planting his men back to back on each side, with bayonets still fixed, that the officer could maintain a clear passage. There was now a possibility of seeing the fire when it should appear, and it was effectually provided that none but those appointed for the purpose should be in contact with it at the moment of its appearance. Into the passage thus cleared walked a priest bare-headed, and with his sleeves tucked up to the shoulders. He took up his position by the side of the aperture, and several strong youths stood beside him with arms intertwined as a further protection from the mob. The colonel of the troops, with a stout *curbush* in his hand, walked up and down the avenue, now chiding one of his men who allowed himself to be pushed forward, now striking over the heads of the soldiers into the heart of the restless throng behind. One youth who unwarily got within the lines was most unceremoniously kicked and cuffed along the passage till he disappeared; and the officer, having thus with difficulty secured order, took a deliberate survey of the opening which was the occasion of so much excitement.

But what was now passing inside will be differently stated by the "faithful" and the sceptical. The former believe that the bishop waits in prayer for the descent of the fire from heaven. The latter ask why he cannot wait without, and maintain that it is no difficult matter to produce a light inside which will be accessible to the priest outside. I was actually told by a Jew, who is a general handicraftsman, that he had repaired the lamp or candle which performs the whole miracle. He said that the lamp in question was provided with a spring which, when pressed,

allowed some ignited spirits of wine to run down a tube and set fire to some cotton at a spot within reach of the priest outside. Whatever was going on, it was evidently part of the arrangement to keep the people in suspense. At first the pilgrims began to get ready their candles and various articles which were to be passed through the fire, and one expected every moment to see the flames issuing from the sepulchre. But still the spectacle was delayed, till it seemed to a stranger as if impatience or some more mastering feeling had taken possession of the crowd, for the mass of human beings became more excited, and swayed to and fro in apparent agony, and finally a weird shout or yell burst forth among them. Having heard that there was a suspicion of the Moslems falling on them at the hour of the solemnity, I began to think that a panic fear had seized the whole multitude, till the shouting became more marked and regular, and I learned that it was a dog-grel rhyme in Arabic, which they are wont to chant on the occasion. In a few moments I caught the words as they were repeated from time to time, and, literally translated, they ran thus:—

"Christ hath redeemed us,  
And bought us with His blood;  
We this day are joyful,  
And the Jews are sorrowful."

This was joined in by the whole multitude, shouting at the pitch of their voices, and was followed at every repetition by a howl that was dreadful to hear. The reference in the last line is characteristic of the Greeks, who always associate the death of the Saviour with the cruelty of the Jews; and it is said that no Jew dare at that moment show himself in the church. Certain it is that the crowd had more the appearance of a mob clamouring for vengeance than of people waiting for a signal miracle of grace. They worked themselves into a frantic passion, and at this stage of the ceremony it is no uncommon thing for persons in the crowd to be trampled to death. On the present occasion the number of pilgrims, though apparently as large as the church could contain, was less than in years in which the Latin and Greek Easters coincide. But it is said that in the year 1834 as many as four hundred persons lost their lives at the celebration.

The excitement of the multitude seemed to communicate itself to the priest officiating outside, for he began now to thrust his hands and arms into the opening. Eventually his head and shoulders also disappeared, the crowd shouted more frantically, he writhed and struggled with all his body, and at last, when frenzy had reached its climax, he issued with a large handful of blazing cotton—the long-expected holy fire.

It would be impossible to describe the scene that followed. The priest ran with lightning speed along the passages made by the soldiers to light the great candle in the Greek church that is said to stand in the centre of the world. A second supply of fire was meantime received by his assistants from the opening, and this was as if instantaneously distributed in the crowd that filled the church. Candles innumerable were reached forward and lighted, bundles of cotton blazed and were extinguished; from hand to hand, from lamp to lamp, the flame travelled and mounted to the roof of the sepulchre, and in a few moments the church seemed to be in a blaze. The people, now in possession of the long-coveted boon, hastened to take advantage of its sacred

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efficacy. Various articles of dress were with feverish excitement passed through it; the devotees applied it to their hair and beards, and even to their naked breasts, for they believe that it burns none who have faith in its sanctity, and that whatever has been passed through it retains an unspeakable virtue. Many a bundle of cotton which had been passed through the holy fire was taken home to make pillows on which would rest the heads of the sick and the dying; many candles that had been lighted from it would be kept for the funerals of the pilgrims. All this in spite of the many singed beards and heads of hair that were to be seen issuing from the church, for the belief still prevails that it is holy fire, and the holy fire is the great feature of the Greek Easter—so I heard it stated by a pilgrim next day as he stood by the famous great candle and counted up on his fingers the different Christian sects, none of whom had such a display at Easter as the Greeks. So also the ecclesiastical authorities reckon, for they reason thus: If we have no fire we shall have no pilgrims; if we have no pilgrims we shall lose our *prestige* in Jerusalem. Any one who has once seen the ceremony will not readily undergo the fatigue and disgust of seeing it again, or wish ever to see anything more suggestive of pandemonium itself.

## MATTHEW MORRISON:

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—A CHANGE AT THE MANSE.

THAT was a happy day on which I set my face towards home. I found my mother in good health; and oh, but she and Nelly were glad to see me: it was like the welcome of the prodigal. What a talk my mother and I had over the fire that night, for we had nine months' events to speak of!

Miss Betty made her appearance at worship, and gave me a gracious welcome. She was the most extraordinary figure I had ever yet seen her, and all, Isabel Rae told my mother, to do me honour. "The young clergyman should be honoured—see that you honour him, Isabel!" she had solemnly impressed upon her handmaid. I scarcely dared venture a second look at her, for the spectacle was almost more than my gravity could stand. She had on, if I rightly remember, a thing called a *sacque*—I may not have spelt the word properly, knowing little about women's garments, old-fashioned or new—which hung loosely about her tall thin figure like a bairn's pinafore. It must have belonged to her mother, mine said, for *sacques* had quite gone out before Miss Betty's day.

Both Jeanie and Alison Carruthers were looking very ill. I was grieved about the girls, and wanted to get them into the fresh air; but their work had got far behind, their customers were complaining, and they shook their heads sadly when I proposed it. Alison had been ill, and I suppose the doctor's bill was not yet paid. I spent all the time I could spare from my mother and other friends with them; but there was a cloud over them which I could not dissipate. Even Jeanie was unusually depressed. She seemed to me now often absent in mind; and though she was as gentle and considerate to every one as ever, I was sure she was not happy—that weary, ceaseless work was exhausting her spirits.

My mother pressed me to resign my situation at Inverruen when I had made out the year. She

missed me at home, she said, and Archie, since his promotion, had sent her more money than she needed to spend. But I felt that I ought not to live on Archie's earnings, but gain my bread by my own exertions. I promised, however, that if I could get sufficient teaching in town, I would leave my present situation before the next winter.

The holidays came to a close, and once more I was on the road to Inverruen. There was snow on the ground, and we feared that the drifts would stop us; but we got through safely to the county town where the mail stopped. There was no public coach to Inverruen at this time of year, but I was so fortunate as to get the chance of a return chaise, which set me down at the gate.

I was annoyed to find that the family were not expected for another week, and thought that Mrs. Gordon might have had the consideration to inform me of this through Mr. Kemp, if she was unaware of my address. I did not like living in the same house alone with Miss Tulloch for a whole week. Poor thing! she must have been very dull in that large empty house in our absence; and there was no wonder she was glad to have some one to talk to besides the housekeeper, who was the only one of the upper servants that did not accompany the family. I would fain have been frank and easy with her, but her manners, when freed from the restraint of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon's presence, were not such as I could approve, and I shrank from her company. I went down to the manse, hoping thus to avoid her; but that was of no avail, as my former experience might have taught me, for she was a constant visitor there. Besides, the minister began, as he said, "to smell a rat," and I was afraid of his jokes. So, being determined not to creak her home a second time, I took refuge in my bedchamber except at meal times, and employed myself in writing sermons. I feared she might take offence at this, but I think she attributed it to my bashfulness.

The family returned at the week's end, and Mrs. Gordon at breakfast next morning had the civility to apologise for neglecting to let me know in time of their prolonged stay in England, but hoped I had found things comfortable at Inverruen in their absence. And then I saw her glance at Miss Tulloch, who was demurely pouring out the tea. I could not help colouring as I answered, which she probably observed.

We soon settled down into our usual habits. Mr. Gordon was much occupied with some county business for a time; and as the neighbourhood was very quiet at this season, we saw a good deal of Mrs. Gordon in the schoolroom. Miss Tulloch, too, began to come often there to get pens mended, but always at a different time of the day from Mrs. Gordon. I suppose she kept a journal-book, for I never saw her get a letter out of the post-bag, so she could have few to write. I was very willing to do her this trifling service, but it interrupted the lessons; and for various reasons I had rather she had sent the pens by one of the servants. How Mrs. Gordon found it out I know not—probably from the remarks of the children; but she said to me one day in rather a peculiar tone, "What brings Miss Tulloch so much to the schoolroom of late, Mr. Morrison?" And when I answered it was to get pens mended, she exclaimed, "Pens indeed!" in such a sharp way that I felt quite confused and uncomfortable. I saw she was seriously displeased; but I was conscious of having

given her no cause, for I could not prevent the young woman from coming to the room. No more passed, but Mrs. Gordon was more distant in her manner to me for some days afterwards, as if she suspected me of levity unbecoming my profession and responsible situation in the house. However, things went on very quietly for some weeks, none of us anticipating the changes that were already at the door; and I engaged myself to remain at Inverruen till the end of autumn.

About the beginning of March an event occurred that altered all our plans—namely, the awfully sudden death of poor Mr. Macbriar, the minister. He dropped down with apoplexy in his own study—struck dead as with a flash of lightning at his wife's foot. It took place during the afternoon, and the news reached Inverruen while we were sitting at dinner. Jamie Willison, the butler, was called out of the room, and when he returned he went behind Mr. Gordon's chair and told him in a low voice, but we all heard him.

My first emotion was that of horror and grief, for the minister had been a worthy man, and it was but the previous day that I had seen him in his usual health. But oh, the selfishness of the human heart! in almost the next minute—at least, as soon as the great shock on learning the event was somewhat lessened—the thought flashed across my mind that here was a vacant living, and that Mr. Gordon was the patron of it. Such a sordid consideration, at a time when I ought only to have been solemnised by so impressive an illustration of the uncertainty of all earthly things, made me odious to myself. I felt like a criminal; and while Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were discussing the startling event with the grave looks and tones that were fitting, I feared to raise my eyes or utter a syllable, lest my voice should betray my thoughts. I strove to banish them—strove to think merely of the sad scene at the manse—of poor Mrs. Macbriar's distress—of the disembodied spirit that had been so suddenly summoned into the presence of its God; but it was to little purpose. A nervous, tormenting anxiety had taken possession of my mind and would not be banished.

I thought the moment would never arrive when it behoved me to withdraw from the table. When it did, I hastened up to the schoolroom and shut myself in there. What a tumult of mind this sad news had wrought in me! I scarcely knew myself. I sat down after a time—for I had been pacing up and down the floor—and tried to be calm, and to understand my own sensations. I had always despised those who, for the sake of preferment, would cringe to, and bow themselves down in the dust before, a patron. Was I myself capable of this, notwithstanding? No; there was something in my breast that assured me I was not: I could not fawn on Mr. Gordon for all he had to bestow. But yet, my heart beat quick when I thought of what a timely word might airt my way. Would Mrs. Gordon stand my friend?—what if I addressed myself to her! There would be claimants enow soon: at present I had the field all to myself.

Alas, alas! the poor man whose demise had created all this disorder in my mind was not yet cold in death. Oh, how we push and elbow one another in this race of life! Every man is for himself, and as one falls there are hundreds ready to take his vacant place. I fear—I fear I less regretted the friend I had lost than I rejoiced in the opening prospect

caused by his death. It may be that I thought of others' interests more than of my own—of my mother's grey head finding a quiet resting-place in a home such as that we had lost; but my conscience did not acquit me.

I was glad that I did not require to meet the family again that night; there were never family prayers in the evening at Inverruen. I needed solitude and reflection to compose my mind. I sought help and direction from Him who never denies them to the sincere seeker. I left my burden with Him, fully persuaded that if it was for His glory and my good that I should be parish minister of Ballanclutha I should become so.

Though thus committing the matter to God, I did not therefore neglect the human and ordinary means in my power of ensuring success. Nor was I wronging any man, and certainly not the dead, by taking early advantage of them. Any scruple on that point would, I felt on consideration, be Quixotic. Then, as for the people, I was sure they would gladly welcome me as their minister. Without vanity, I may say that I was liked in the parish. I had visited a good deal among the people in my leisure hours, and had often been asked to converse and pray with sick and aged folk who resided at a distance from the manse. The minister had gladly accepted my assistance for these cases, for being very corpulent, poor man, and keeping no horse—the glebe was let—long walks were a burden to him. I was not likely, therefore, to create any dissension in the kirk by getting a presentation from the patron. I felt free to make my honest and respectful petition to Mr. Gordon. If he granted it, well; if not, I trusted that I could bear the disappointment. And having reached this point, I was able in the morning to look every one in the face.

## Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

### THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

"Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world."—St. John xvi. 20, 21.

**A**MID the foolish or the savage mirth  
Of the infatuate world, the chosen few—

Nor less by feeble faith—their travail knew:

Their throes how great, their strength how little  
worth!

Then came the silence: then the glorious Birth!  
For having loosed the birth-pangs\* of our doom  
Came forth Emmanuel from the dark grave's womb,  
And life was brought to light for all His earth.  
Man-child! the first-begotten from the dead,  
As all in Adam die, in Thee they live!

To all who share Thy labour Thou wilt give  
The joy of Thy new life, Who art our Head.  
And with Thy saints Thy whole creation knows  
In bliss so sweet she will forget her throes.

\* "Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death," Acts ii. 24 (λύσας τὰς πόνους τοῦ θανάτου), is more literally and significantly "having loosed the birth-pangs of death."

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# THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

ILLUSTRATED.

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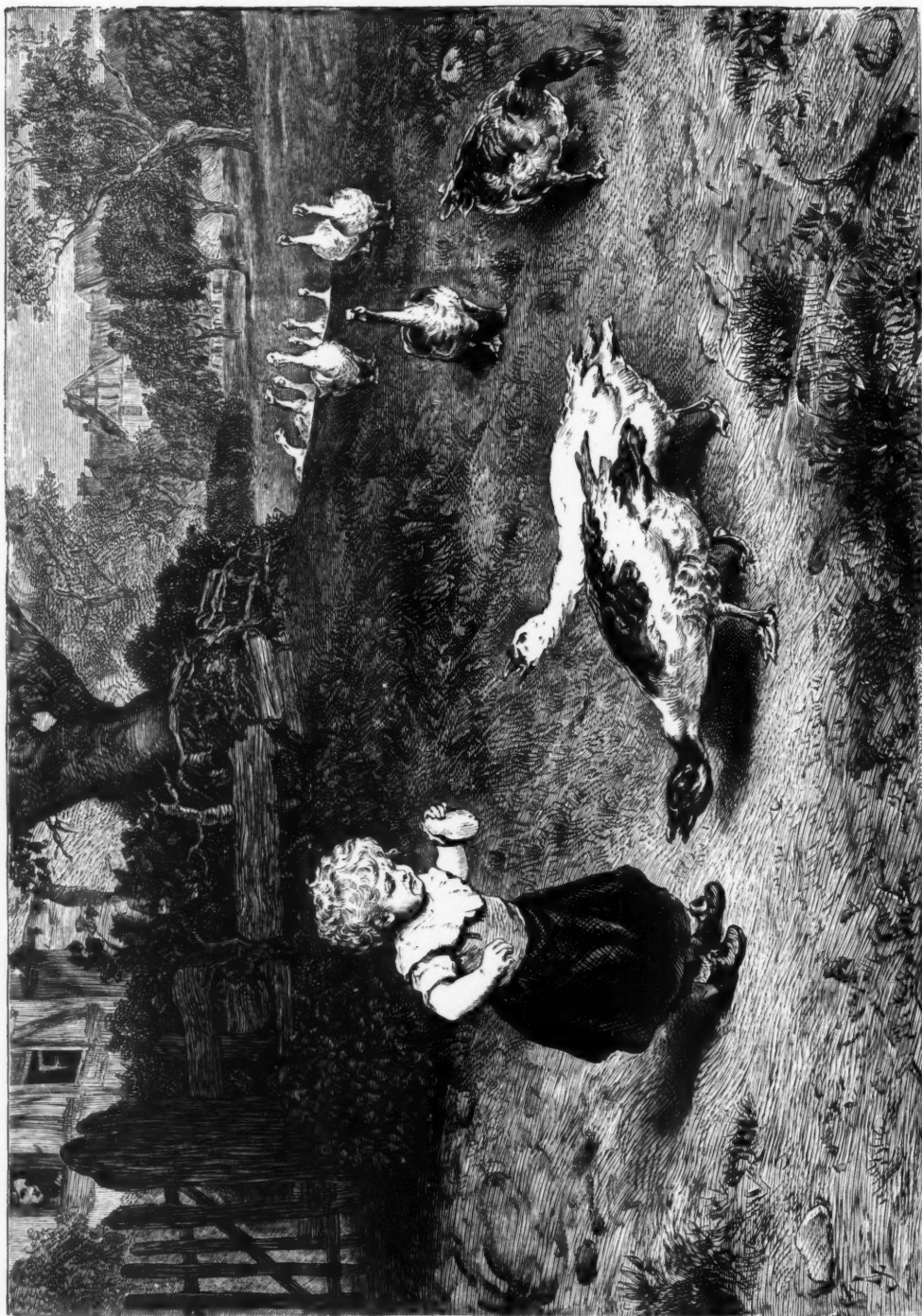
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